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# SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

The Province



of Canada.

Train up a Child in the way he should go:

and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, C. W., SEPTEMBER, 1847.

No. 9.



## THE FIRST DAY AT THE INFANT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"Retu, n'd from Sunday-school, my love,  
A kiss; how pleased you look;  
Come, tell me all that you have seen,  
And read in 'your new book."

"Oh, mother, 'tis a happy place;  
A room so large and full,  
And all the cheerful faces there;  
I love the Sunday-school.

"My teacher, too, so very kind:  
At first I was afraid,  
Until she smiled and asked my name;  
A pretty name, she said.

"My hat was taken too and hung  
So neatly in its place;  
And she was pleas'd she said, to see  
So clean my hands and face.

"And then she beckon'd me to come,  
And placed me by her side;  
She asked us what that letter was,  
And 'B,' the children cried.

"She told us of the little BEE,  
How hard it work'd all day;  
And visited the roses sweet,  
And beds of tulips gay.

"She said that we must lessons learn  
From such a little thing;  
To gather the sweet word of God,  
Its treasure home to bring.

"And, mother, I have learn'd to say  
A hymn, so beautiful!  
I'm sure that you would like to hear  
Them sing it at our school.

"Yes; when our voices all were join'd,  
We made the ceiling ring;  
Our teacher look'd so kind, and said  
The little ones might sing.

"Oh, mother, 'tis a happy place!  
Let little Mary come;  
I'll hold her hand and lead her there,  
And bring her safely home."

## THE TONGUE.

There is a world of meaning in the following from an old scrap-book:

If thou wishest to be wise,  
Keep these words before thine eyes:  
What thou speakest, and how, beware,  
Of whom, to whom, when and where.

## A Good Hearer.

We hear much said about good preachers, but the text above named is worthy of a discourse.

1. A good hearer will come to the sanctuary to hear. He is hungry and thirsty, and wants living bread and living drink. Other people come there for divers other purposes than that of hearing; but that is his errand. Therefore he will have ears to hear.

2. And he will come promptly. He is interested, and in earnest, and he feels that he has something to do with the Alpha as well as the Omega of divine service; and he cannot interrupt other people's hearing by a late arrival. You will find the good hearer in his place in good time.

3. And he must hear with much prayer. He did not forget that before he left home, but warmed up his heart into a fit state to receive the Word ere the hour of public worship arrived, and he kept on keeping his heart warm, by frequently lifting it up to the throne of grace. "Fix-a frequent look of the heart to heaven," says Leighton, "exceedingly sweeten and sanctify our other employments, and diffuse somewhat of heaven through all our actions." So the good hearer thinks, and his own practice eminently sanctifies the employment of hearing the Word, and makes it profitable.

4. The good hearer hears for himself. There are a plenty of people who turn all the arrows of divine truth to the souls of other people, and apply the discourse, most carefully and faithfully, to the cases of those about them. But the good hearer ventures to suppose that the being addressed by the speaker is himself, and acts accordingly.

5. The good hearer is a doer of what he hears. Some go on swimmingly with most other matters about hearing till they come to this; but here they fetch up. Hearing is one thing, and a pretty easy and comfortable thing. But doing is another thing, and quite often a very uncomfortable affair. People are not very fond of putting them together. But the good hearer will not suffer them to be separated.

Besides all the good they do to themselves, good hearers accomplish another most important object: they make good preachers. How it sets a speaker on fire to see the hearers wide awake; all eyes and ears are drinking in his words, as if life hung upon them. The sight kindles him wonderfully. The blood shoots rapidly along his veins here is a powerful stimulus to in-

creased energy and zeal. He preaches an hundred-fold better for having those good hearers.

I have heard of "preachers preaching people to sleep;" but I have seen hearers hearing preachers to sleep. They heard so stupidly, languidly, sleepily, that they put all the fire out there was in the speaker's heart. Their indifference disheartened him. How could he preach zealously and fervently when those who had not gone already to sleep were nodding around him, on the verge of it, in all directions?

"But it is his business to keep us awake by his zeal and energy." But so is it your business to keep him awake by your felt and manifested intense interest in his preaching. Such attention would rouse, comfort, and animate him. Why not give it to him? If you wish him to be a good preacher, be a good hearer. It will do more toward that object than all the other things together which you can do. Try it.—N. E. Puritan.

## AFFLICTION AND REPENTANCE.

Nothing can render affliction so heavy as the load of sin; would ye therefore be fitted for afflictions, be sure to get the burden of your sins laid aside, and then what afflictions sorer you meet with, will be very easy to you.

If thou canst hear and bear the rod of affliction which God shall lay upon thee, remember this lesson, thou art beaten that thou mayest be better.

The Lord useth his flail of tribulation to separate the chaff from the wheat.

The school of the cross is the school of light; it discovers the world's vanity, baseness, and wickedness, and lets us see more of God's mind. Out of dark affliction comes a spiritual light.

A returning penitent, though formerly bad as the worst of men, may by grace become as good as the best.

Your intentions of repentance, and the neglect of that soul-saving duty, will rise up in judgment against you.

## FACTS FOR REFLECTION.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is in doing our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unpardonable, are they who make that one a pain!

Avarice, says Rollin, is a great gulf, which would not be filled if the whole world were thrown into it.

## THE MAGIC OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. *What a good thing is a Sunday school in a bad neighbourhood!* It is like a gas light in some dangerous corner; it makes darkness visible. It is a "Washing and Ironing Society." It makes the people clean and tidy. It is a "Mechanics' Institute." It draws out the mind of the people. It is a society for "the reformation of manners," producing a more thorough change than could be effected by a thousand laws. It is a society for "keeping holy the sabbath day"—which, by a certain indefinable charm, draws men from the abodes of sin to the house of the Lord. It is a society for "securing the salvation of souls," the great usefulness of which will never be known until the final reckoning day. Think of this, dear reader, and try to place a good Sunday school in every bad neighbourhood.

2. *The worse any place is, the more it needs our help,* and the greater should be our promptitude to benefit it. Think of your blessed Lord. He came to seek, in order to save; it was because our case was too bad for any creature to help us, that he came himself. Had he waited until sinners had sent for him, he would never have come; so it is with multitudes of persons in our large towns. Their case is desperate; and if some mighty effort is not made for them they will be lost. Try to enlist every godly person in your congregation to help you. All cannot be teachers, though many could teach who have not tried—yet all can help. The children are in a deep dungeon; do you go down and fetch them up, and ask the aged saint to hold the ropes; do you go down and bring them up, and present them alive—and ask the ladies to give them clothes. You will not work in vain.

3. *The most unlikely places, if properly worked, will yield a rich reward.*

I saw some of these ragged boys with Testaments under their arms, and they went into the narrow street as *colporteurs* of the Bible Society. Some of the children obtained copies of the hymns which we sung, and they carried them to the narrow street as distributors for the Sunday School and Tract Society. Some of them went home with part of a sermon in their head about the love of Christ, and they became "home missionaries." There are golden materials in the most unlikely places; and Sunday school teachers are the chief operatives to work up these materials into gems, to be placed in the Mediator's crown! O, why should not every large congregation have several Sunday schools!

4. *All tax payers should be particularly urged to help in this laudable work, as a matter of economy.*

It will raise the neighbourhood from its degradation, and lead to habits of industry and sobriety, and prudence and saving. They will gradually feel that a good character is of great worth; and to seek it and maintain it is one grand object of life.

Let this object be gained, and how many taxes will be saved!

5. *All police officers should be called upon to help.*

If the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, they may sleep quietly in their beds at night, and have very little unpleasant service to perform in the day. In fact, the more we study human nature, and think of the advantages of early training, the more we should urge, by every possible means, the establishment of Sunday schools in the most squalid and neglected neighbourhoods. Let every teacher say, Amen.—*Sunday School Journal.*

## THE FOUNDER OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

John Pounds, the cripple and the cobbler, yet at the same time one of nature's true nobility, was born in Portsmouth, in 1766. His father was a sawyer, employed in the royal dock-yard. At fifteen, young Pounds met with an accident, which disabled him for life. During the greater part of his benevolent career, he lived in a small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen every day, seated on his stool, mending shoes in the midst of his busy little school. One of his amusements was that of rearing singing-birds, jays and parrots, which he so perfectly domesticated that they lived harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Often, it is said, might a canary-bird be seen perched upon one shoulder, and a cat upon the other. During the latter part of his life, however, when his scholars became so numerous, he was able to keep fewer of these domestic creatures. Poor as he was, and entirely dependent upon the hard labour of his hands, he nevertheless adopted a little crippled nephew, whom he educated, and cared for with truly paternal love, and, in the end, established comfortably in life. It was out of this connection that his attempts and success in the work of education arose. He thought, in the first instance, that the boy would learn better with a companion; he obtained one, the son of a wretchedly poor mother; then another and another was added, and he found so much pleasure in his employment, and was the means thereby of effecting so much good, that in the end, the number of his scholars amounted to about forty, including a dozen little girls.

His humble workshop was about six feet by eighteen, in the midst of which he would sit, engaged in that labour by which he won his bread, and attending, at the same time, to the studies of the little crowd around him. So efficient was John Pounds's mode of education, to say nothing about its being perfectly gratuitous, that the candidates were always numerous. He, however, invariably gave the preference to the *worst*, as well as the poorest, children; to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He has been known to follow such to the town quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to

his school. His influence on these degraded children was extraordinary.

As a teacher, his manners were pleasant and facetious. He amused the "little blackguards" while he taught them. Many hundred persons, now living usefully and creditably in life, owe the whole formation of their character to him. He gave them "book-learning," and taught them also to cook their own victuals and mend their shoes. He was not only frequently their doctor and nurse, but their playfellow; no wonder was it, therefore, that when, on New-Year's day, 1839, he suddenly died, at the age of seventy-two, the children wept, and even fainted, on hearing of their loss, and for a long time were overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. They, indeed, had lost a friend and benefactor. Such was the noble founder of the first ragged school.—*Howitt's Journal.*

## THE FISHERMAN.

I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and re-passing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said,—

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cod-fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

I inquired, "With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams too?"

"O no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," said he; "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in!"

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."—*Christian Mirror.*

THE LITTLE CHILD IN PRISON.

Dear children, if you will listen a while, I will give you a parable.

Once upon a time, and I must not tell you where, I beheld a little boy in prison. I had passed house after house, until I came to a small building of singular appearance. I went up to it. Seeing two little windows or diamonds, I went up to them and soon observed a little boy within the walls. As he looked wishfully at me, I fell into conversation with the poor fellow. The following is the substance of our talk.

“What! a boy in prison?” “Yes,” he said. “How old are you?” “I am ten.” “But will you tell me how you came to be shut up here?” “It was for no fault of mine. I have been a wicked child, but I have committed no crime.” “Have you parents?” said I. “I have a father. But I never saw him, to my recollection. I have heard them say he lives in a distant country. My father left me, when I was an infant, in the care of others. And I have been shut up here ever since I can remember.”

Right under these little windows was a small door, not large enough for the little boy to go out, but which he could open and shut at his leisure; and where he received his food and made known his wants.

“But,” said I, “why does not your father come and see you?” “Oh,” said he, “he lives away off. But he has sent me word that I may come and live with him, if I will.” At this he showed me a letter which he said was from his own father. He wrote affectionately, saying he was rich, and should soon send for his boy to come and live with him.

“Well,” said I, “you expect then to go and live with your father, do you not?” At this his chin quivered and his eyes filled with tears. “Yes,” he said, “I do. This prison is a hard place. I am so weak I can scarcely stand. Ever since they read me the letter from my father, every day seems like a month. I look out of prison every day, and see others at liberty to walk where they please, and it makes me sad, and I cry.” “But do you ever pray?” said I. “Oh yes, every night and every morning I go down on my knees and pray to God.”

So I talked with the little boy as well as I could, and left him in prison. A few days ago I heard his father had come for his boy, and he had gone from prison. He brought him a good suit of clothes, &c. They said when the boy found he was actually come for, he turned pale and trembled exceedingly. And when he went towards the door to go out, he looked back and said, “Farewell, prison. I am going home to live with my father.” And no sooner was the door opened, than his father took him up in his arms and kissed him. All in the room wept aloud, as when Joseph met his father. Now the little boy is a prisoner no longer. He is at home with his brothers and sisters. I understand the boy thinks more of his father and more of his home than any of

his brothers. And his father loves him the more for all the sorrows of childhood. And indeed he is a great favourite in his father's house.

Now, my dear children, this is a riddle, or a parable. The soul was the child. His body was the prison. His eyes were the two little windows. His mouth was the door. His father in another country is God. The letter he sent him is the Bible. His going out of prison was death. And when he died he went to live with God and angels; and them he loves, and is beloved forevermore.—*Vi. Chronicle.*



EXTRACTS FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

TRICKS OF THE MONKEY.—Monkeys have every evil quality and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it—even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashions of the world, whether it be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes its victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself—as the poor cat found, to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If anything he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces on the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose.

Everybody has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off; when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy fetching powder from below, and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry; he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of the trees, the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again: and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken.—*Sharp's London Magazine.*

PLAIN STORY.

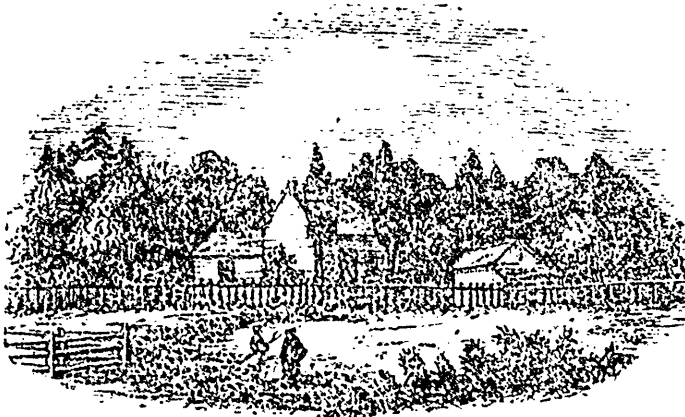
A planer was once planing a plane, when the plane with which he was planing was plainly discovered not to be a plane, but so uneven and rough that he could never make plain what was made for a plane. The planer of planes then complained with plaintive complaints that his plain neighbour, to whom he had some time before loaned his plane, had misused his plane and made it unplain. This plainly appeared not to be plain dealing in his neighbor, who, had he been an upright man, would have plainly told him when he returned the plane to the planer of planes, that he accidentally injured the plane while planing something that he wished to make plane. It now appearing plain to the planer of planes, that the plane with which he had been planing what he intended for a plane would never make it plane, he took another plane he had been using to plane out the new plane, and after planing that plane, he was able smoothly to plane the new plane.

Let no one complain that it is plain that the word plane is so often used that the sense is not plain; for on examination it will plainly appear that the meaning is plain, though it plainly requires some pains to see how plain that meaning is.

INJURY.

A little wrong, done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it and no man suffers more than he who is rned over to the pain of repentance.—*S. W. Raleigh*

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The house where Elizabeth was born—Credit Mission.

### ELIZABETH JONES.

Elizabeth was a little Indian girl, the daughter of Mr. John Jones. Her father was brother to the Rev. Peter Jones, well known as a missionary among the Indians of Upper Canada. The mother of Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Christiana Brandt, was a granddaughter of Captain Brandt, a noted Indian chief. Elizabeth's mother was a woman of good understanding, amiable disposition, and pleasant manners. Her house was the abode of peace and comfort, and her family were trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Elizabeth was made an early partaker of divine grace, and by an unexpected providence was early removed from the transitory scenes of this present life to her heavenly Father's house above.

The day on which her earthly course terminated she arose in good health, and seemed to feel an uncommon degree of joyousness and elasticity of spirits, which the freshness of a clear Canadian atmosphere in the month of November was calculated to inspire.

About noon she remarked how beautiful the day was, and asked if she might take her accustomed walk over the adjacent bridge. After being properly dressed she went forth with buoyant spirits and a cheerful countenance. But she returned no more. There was a hole in the bridge which crossed the stream, occasioned by one of the planks having been moved from its place, and it is supposed that she must have been looking another way, and slipped through the hole into the stream below. Thus, without a moment's warning, she was snatched away by the relentless hand of death.

Her body was afterward found in an eddy near one of the piers which support the bridge, and was decently interred at the Indian village near the river Credit. Six little girls carried her in her coffin from the chapel to the grave, four following, bearing in their hands sprigs of evergreen, which they threw on the coffin after it was laid in the grave.

“And there, upon her quiet tomb,  
Shaded by forest trees,  
The wild flowers which she loved will bloom,  
Fanned by the summer's breeze.

“And other little graves are there,  
Water'd with fondest tears;  
Nature still weeps—faith cries, Forbear,  
And hope's bright star appears.

“So when our silent footsteps stray,  
And watch the grave's repose,  
This star shall point our heaven-ward way  
And dissipate our woes.”

### THE BLIND GIRL'S LETTER.

There is at present, residing in the New York Asylum for the Blind, a young lady from Rochester, of rare talent and accomplishment in writing. The composition of some parts of her letters that have been published, we have never seen surpassed in those points which touch feelingly, the heart, and move affectingly the sensibilities. The following late production which we take from the Daily Advertiser of Saturday last, is full of the most beautiful strains. She writes—

“This hour I sit me down to write you in a little world of sweet sounds. The choir in the chapel are chanting at the organ, their evening hymn—across the hall a little group with the piano and flute are turning the very atmosphere into melody; but Fanny the poetess, is not there. Many weeks her harp and guitar have been unstrung, and we fear the hand of consumption is stealing her gentle spirit away. In a room below, some twenty little blind girls are joining their silvery voices in tones sweet and pure as angel's whispers. And ah! here comes one who has strayed from their number the twentieth time to-day, clambering her little arms about my neck for a kiss. Earth has no treasure so heavenly as the love of a sinless child. Man seldom welcomes you farther than the fair vestibule of his heart—but a child invites you within the temple, where alone the incense of selfless love burns upon its own altar.

“'Tis evening—the moon-beams gladden all the hills, the stars are out and I see them not—once my poor eyes loved to watch those wheeling orbs, till they seemed joyous spirits bathing in the holy light of the clear upper skies: but now they are not lost to me; fancy with a soul-lit look, often wanders in the halls of memory, where hang daguerotypes of all

that is bright and beautiful in nature, from the lowest flower that unfolds its portals to the sunbeams, up to the cloud-capt mountains, and the regions of the starry sky—whence she plumes her pinions, boldly entering upon new and untried regions of thought, passes the boundaries of the unseen to far-off fields where ‘Deity geometrizes,’ and nebular worlds are ever springing into new life and glory—and upwards still, to the spirit land, where all are blessed and lost in present joys, till happiness, forgetful, numbers not the hours. There my thoughts love to linger, till, with the angels, I seem to come and go, wandering by joy's willing fountains and glad rivers of delight.

“But oh! this is truth and not fancy. My life is a ‘night of years,’ and my path is a sepulchred way; on one side sleeps *my friend*, and on the other lies buried for ever a world of light, and all its rays revealed; the smiles of the friends and all their looks of love, with which the heart knows no morning. The Saviour wept at the grave of his friend, and I know he does not chide these tears; they are the imperaled dewes of feeling that gather round a sorrowed heart. But where God sends one angel to afflict, he always sends many more to comfort, so I have many angel friends who love me well. Their gentle hands lead me by pleasant ways, and their tuneful voices read to me, and the kindness of their words make my heart better. Oh! tell me; when summer gladdens the world, and vacation gladdens me, shall I again be on the banks of the Genesée, the while loved and blessed by the warm hearts of Rochester?”

### MORNING PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

The Lord hath kept me through the night,  
And brought me to the morning light;  
Oh may he keep me all this day,  
And make me walk in his good way.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

### EVENING PRAYER.

Hark, a whisper gently stealing  
On the breath of evening's air,  
See them reverently kneeling  
In the attitude of prayer.

When the dew comes to the flower,  
When the zephyr whispers sweet,  
Go then to your quiet bower;  
Go, and there your Saviour meet.

When the busy day is closing,  
When the things of earth grow dim,  
Then the heart on God reposing,  
Consecrates its all to him.

Oh! there's something in this hour,  
Calling forth the inmost soul,  
It is a mysterious power  
That the mind cannot control.

There is something o'er it stealing,  
'Tis an influence from above,  
Bathing every thought and feeling,  
In a tide of holy love.



## Sunday School Guardian.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1917.

### IMPROVE THE TIME.

Youth is the time to enrich the mind. In the morning of life we should lay the broad foundation for a superstructure of moral and religious knowledge. Learning is like a river which rises far into the interior of the country. In its origin it is scarcely perceptible; but as you follow its graceful windings you discover that it enlarges itself, and while it increases the vegetation of the valleys through which it flows, its banks become more widely distant from each other, and its waters sensibly deepen, until, at length, the eye can scarcely mark its boundaries or detect its depth. Small may be the first efforts of the young. Hardly perceptible may be the first acquisitions of knowledge; but let the youthful scholar weekly add to his store; and bye-and-bye he, and others as well as himself, will be able to discover that he has not laboured in vain.

Dr. Clarke, whose fame is in all lands, whose learning was almost unequalled, laboured hard to acquire a knowledge of the alphabet; but he strove hard to learn a little every day; and before he died he was master of many languages—possessed extensive knowledge, and what was best of all, he was made wise unto salvation. He read much; but there was no book he loved to read so well as the BIBLE. Now, though we may not all become as learned as Dr. Clarke, yet we may all learn to read the BIBLE. Thanks to the Sabbath Schools! scores are now able to read who otherwise would have had no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of letters. In them a beginning may be made which may end in the possession of extensive knowledge. Most assuredly there the best of all knowledge can be obtained; and we rejoice to believe that thousands have in them received that knowledge which makes wise unto salvation.

1. Let Teachers more than ever be engaged in their work of imparting instruction and of awaking and increasing the desires of the youth to be made truly wise—wise unto salvation.

2. Let children be encouraged to persevere in their efforts. However small may be the beginning, yet great may be the end.

The towering oak was once an acorn; the greatest philosopher was once ignorant of the A B C; and the loftiest saint was once a sinful little child.

### OLD AND YOUNG.

There is so much truth in the following sentiments that we are persuaded our young readers, as well as our older ones, will feel their force:—"So different are the colours of life as we look forward to the future, or backward to the past; and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either side. To a young man entering the world with fullness of hope and ardour of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasant as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse; and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiser, that neither precept nor testimonies can cure boys of their credulity and insufficiency; and that not one can be convinced that snarles are laid for him, till he find himself entangled."

For the Sunday School Guardian.

### A WORD TO CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN,—When I address you I must think like a man and talk like a child. Your minds are like wax to receive and like rock to retain impressions. I want to persuade you to love your neighbours as you love yourselves. If you really and heartily love your associates and playmates you will do what you can to oblige and please them. You will not be envious towards them because they live in a better house than you live in, or because they wear finer clothes than your parents can afford to buy for you, or because they have more playthings than you can procure, or because they distance you in school and stand above you in the class. When you see a child with a hump-back, or a marked face, or a lame limb, or an impediment in his speech, never let him know that you noticed his deformity of body or his imperfect utterance. When you play with children whose parents are very poor, never say anything about poverty in their hearing. Never blame your schoolmates for the failings of their friends. If their parents are drunkards, they are not to blame, and they cannot help it. Children who love each other tenderly and affectionately will not tell tales for the purpose of getting their little friends punished, but will feel the sentiments they often read,—

"Teach me to feel another's woe,  
And hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."

When Lord Byron, the celebrated poet, and Sir Robert Peel, the distinguished statesman, were little boys, they attended the same school. One day when the master was whipping Peel, Byron came forward with tears in his eyes and begged the master to stop punishing Peel, and give him the balance of the blows. He loved his neighbour as himself. Two kids once met on a narrow bridge, under which flowed a deep and rapid stream of water. There was not room for them to pass each other, so one kneeled down and allowed the other to walk over it. If you copy the example of the kids, when your young friends "crowd upon you," you will excite the approval of your own conscience and the admiration of good people. If you are abused and insulted by your playfellows, do not try to get them punished for their bad conduct, but freely forgive them, and then you will know how much better it is to have a great heart than to have a great foot or a great fist. Some children are so selfish, hateful, and wicked, they will trade with other children and cheat from them their tops, balls, knives, marbles, and kites, and sometimes steal them. Some have such corrupt hearts they will make up bad stories and circulate them about their companions. — Some are so cruel they like to see others punished. Some are so jealous they cannot bear to see their associates better off than they are themselves. Such children do not love their neighbours as they love themselves; ten to one if they do not grow up to be bad men and bad women.

"The tree which does not bloom in Spring,  
In Autumn bears no fruit;  
The child that is a hateful thing,  
Manhood may make a brute."

The noble-hearted, generous-hearted boy who truly loves his neighbour, will cheerfully divide his meal with him if necessary. He will protect him in the hour of danger—assist him to acquire a knowledge of his lessons—speak a good word for him when a favourable opportunity is presented—defend him when others speak ill of him—sympathise with him in his afflictions, and rejoice with him when he is happy.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

### A REPROBATE FATHER.

At a Wesleyan class-meeting, a man rose and addressed the leader thus:—"I am very thankful to God; and to you, for your Sunday School. My son, who now sits beside me, is my spiritual father. He heard me cursing, while in a state of drunkenness, and said to me, 'O, father, my teacher said to-day, at the Sunday School, that neither drunkards nor swearers could enter into heaven.' This so affected my mind, that from that time I was enabled, by the grace of God, to leave off those wicked practices; and both myself and my son are now members of your society." He then laid his hand on his son's head, and repeated, "My son is my spiritual father."

### THE CANARY BIRD.

A little girl named Caroline had a charming Canary bird. The little creature sang from early morning until evening; it was a very beautiful bird, of a bright yellow, with a black head. Caroline gave it seeds and green vegetables, and, at times, a piece of sugar, and every day fresh and pure water.

But all at once the little bird began to droop; and one morning, as Caroline came to bring it water, it lay dead in its cage.

The little girl raised loud lamentations over the beloved bird, and wept bitterly. But the child's mother went and purchased another, with colors still more beautiful, and which sang as sweetly as the former one, and placed it in the cage.

But the little girl wept still more when she saw the new bird.

Then the mother wondered greatly, and said, "My dear child, why dost thou still weep? why art thou so very sad? Thy tears will not call the dead bird back to life again, and here thou hast another equally beautiful."

"Thou hast acted unkindly toward the little creature, and I have not done all for it that I could and ought to have done."

"Dear Lina," answered the mother, "thou hast tended it very carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child. "A short time before its death, I did not bring it a piece of sugar which you gave me for it, but ate it myself." Thus spoke the little girl with a heavy heart.

But the mother did not smile at her complaints, for she recognized and revered the sacred voice of nature in the heart of the child.

"Alas!" she said, "what must be the feelings of an ungrateful child, when it stands by the grave of its parents!"—*Youth's Cabinet.*

### THE LOST ONE FOUND.

A little fellow, between seven and eight years old, son of Mr George Hussey, of Fall-River, (Mass.) left home on Saturday afternoon without the knowledge of his parents. Attracted by the music which accompanied a New Bedford Fire Company, he followed the company to the railroad, and when the cars started, at half-past five o'clock, took the track, and travelled to Taunton, (a distance of 12 miles,) where he was found near the depot between eleven and twelve o'clock, by Mr. Morse, keeper of the jail, and kindly taken care of by him and his family until Monday morning, when he was put on board the cars for Fall River. His feet were somewhat the worse for wear, but the little fellow was himself in good spirits, and said if they had put him on the "trail," he could have found the way home. He was missed by his mother soon after he left the house, and search was made immediately by her for him. Very soon the alarm was given by the crier. A diligent search was made during the

night. On the following morning (Sunday) the water was drawn off from the ponds, and the stream was searched. After church, a citizens' meeting was held in Market Hall, and numerous companies started in fresh pursuit. On Monday morning another meeting was held. It had been agreed that, should any person find him, the Methodist bell should be rung. While the people were collecting in the hall, the bell struck up a merry peal—the last one had arrived in the morning train of cars, and was restored to his deeply afflicted parents! The scene was a touching one, more easily imagined than described. Hundreds, at the welcome sound of the bell, flocked to witness the return of the little runaway to the arms of his affectionate parents.



### DIFFERENT LENGTH OF THE FINGERS.

The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, adapting the hand and fingers, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen or pencil, engraving tools, &c., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined. Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective designs to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold to raise his body to the rigging, would be great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels; they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm and more especially supports the cushion on the inner edge. It is the muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cud of Diogenes.

### THE BEAR & THE TEA-KETTLE.

The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years since the fish became scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On

a certain occasion one of them found the outer gate of a house open, and entered in, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-kettle full of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt of it, but it burned his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury on the tea-kettle. He folded his arms round it—pressed it with his whole strength against his breast, to crush it; but this, of course, only burned him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor beast now brought the neighbours to the spot; and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him like "the bear with the kettle."

N. B.—Passionate children, this is for you. When your little hearts kindle into a blaze, and you kick and strike at things by which you are hurt, pause and remember the bear of Kamtschatka!

### CHILD'S MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

#### MORNING.

Jesus, kind Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy little lamb in safety keep;  
Guard me this day from every ill,  
And with thy grace my spirit fill.

Teach me to love Thee, O my Lord;  
Help me to read thy holy Word;  
May the first sounds my lips can raise,  
Be sounds of joy, and prayer, and praise.

#### EVENING.

Jesus, underneath thy care,  
Let me sweetly sink to rest;  
Hear my simple evening prayer—  
May thy little child be blessed!

I thank Thee for my happy home,  
And all that thou hast given;  
O make my infant heart thine own,  
And train thy child for heaven.

(London) *Evang. Mag.*

### PERSEVERANCE AND INDUSTRY.

An Eastern paper, in an article on the subject of perseverance and industry, says:—

"A few years ago, Luther Severance, Horace Greeley, and James Harper were bringing water by the pail full to wash type in a printing office. They were knocked about by the older boys; but they did not sit down and weep, and declare they would run away from their employers. No—they stuck to their business year after year till they became of age. Where are they now? Severance is in Congress, Greeley is Editor of the New York *Tribune*, one of the leading political papers of the day, and Harper is at the head of the largest publishing establishment in America, and was elected Mayor of the city of New York two years ago by an overwhelming majority. So much for energy and industry."

Religion must be our business, then it will be our delight.

**For Teachers.****A WORD TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

Take care, first of all, and not neglect your own souls, while you profess to care for the souls of your interesting charge. Mistake not effort for devotion, and labor for the motive whence it should spring. Get near to the heart of Christ, if you would speak of his matchless excellence with tenderness and pathos to the infant mind. Go from your closet to your class, and from your class to your closet, if you would acquire the power of pleading with the conscience of the young. The study of plans and details may make you expert in the routine of school duties; but it is communion with God alone that can fit you to reason and to plead with the young about their eternal interests.

Often review the solemn and responsible nature of your undertaking. Think not of it as an ordinary occupation, the duties of which can be performed by any one who happens to be in his place. Such a view of our calling as this will blight your whole undertaking. It is the care of souls that demands your attention; of souls that can never die; of souls that may be influenced for weal or wo by your spirit, your instructions, your example. Go to your work, at all times, deeply impressed with the thought that all depends, for the peace of your mind, for the honor of Christ, and for its ultimate success, upon the manner in which it is performed. *Do not attempt to serve God with what costs you nothing. Take pains with your hearts, take pains with your preparations, take pains in your class.* If you are to improve the children, you must first improve yourselves. Remember you are speaking and acting for eternity. The children you are appointed to instruct you must meet at the bar of God. If they perish through your neglect, your unsuitable instructions, your unsubdued spirit, your wrong example, the consequence to your own souls will be infinitely perilous. Think of the results of every Sabbath's labors, connect them with the judgment-day, and ask the questions at the close of the day, "Have I been faithful? Have I felt the value of souls? Have I pleaded with the young to be reconciled to God? Have I won them with the spirit of condescension and love?"

Aim, on all occasions, at the conversion of the children committed to you. Low aims will defeat themselves. If you merely look at the mental culture of your children, and at storing their minds with the facts of the gospel, you will not so well succeed in your attempt as the teacher who quickens the faculties of the children in his class, by calling them to repentance for sin, and fixing on their spirits the value and the exposure of their immortal soul.

Finally. Let me present to the minds of Sunday-school teachers an object of honorable ambition. You like to see a crowded school-room, every teacher in his place, and all the children in your several

classes in regular attendance. You like to see order maintained in every department, rejoice in the good behaviour of your children, and hail their prompt answers on the day of examination. You are sensible of the approval of your ministers and other discerning Christians, and mark any symptoms of religious inquiry with peculiar gratitude. Now all this is right; but something more than this I wish to set before you as an object of noble and Christian ambition. Remember the Sunday-school is the nursery of the Church. O labor night and day in your prayers, by your counsels, by your assiduous method of spiritual culture, to train some of your interesting charge for the fellowship of the Church. Let the number you have thus taken by the hand, and conducted into the fold of the great and good Shepherd, be the great standard by which you judge of your success. Wherever you can trace the faintest spark of spiritual life, endeavour to fan it into a flame. O may the Lord himself prosper the work of your hands! May your instructions "drop as the rain and distil as the dew!" May many a poor child hail you, in the day of Christ, as the instruments of conducting him to happiness and God!—*Rev. D. P. Kidder.*

**DO YOU TAKE PLEASURE IN TEACHING?**

There are many discouragements and some annoying things in the life of a Sunday-school teacher; but then again there are some which cheer and repay him. I have sometimes thought that if men of the world, vexed as they often are with the harsh and untrusty souls of the adult race, only knew how much is to be enjoyed in the land of childhood, they would cast in their lot with us, if it were only as a matter of pleasure. I am not a believer in the absolute innocence of children. They have an evil nature, and are born sinners. But they are certainly less evil than older offenders; and Jesus saw something lovely in them. Otherwise there would be no meaning in some of his precious words. When he sets a child in the midst of his disciples—when he folded an infant in his sacred embrace—when he made such a one the pattern, in certain respects, for all who would enter the kingdom, He intended something; and we cannot be far wrong in saying, he saw some attractive traits in the infant character.

When a teacher sits in the midst of his loving little group, on the Lord's day morning, let him seize on that moment, when all the circle are intent on some explanation or entreaty which has flowed right from his heart. Let him examine what appears. Every face is radiant; every look is centered on him; there is a total absence of that shy, unnatural reserve, whereby we afterwards learn to veil our thoughts. And as he gazes on each open, pellucid eye, he seems to look into a clear, untroubled spring, where every pebble is discerned at the bottom.

The teacher who has learned this, feels a joyful access to his little flock. He has an open door; his words are seeds which fall into the furrows of moist, rich earth. He will greatly fail, if he does not take advantage of these facilities, and earnestly press all suitable truth, while the mind is thus inviting.

There are teachers who are punctual, diligent and faithful, who nevertheless deal with the infant soul after as heartless a fashion as if they stuck so many rows of pins in a paper. All is orderly, all is exact, but all is dead—dead—dead. To do good, and to enjoy the doing of it, in Sunday-schools, there must be a little enthusiasm, a little glow, a little mingling of souls. Supposing a class to be under discipline, respectful and obedient, it is delightful to observe the child taking a certain affectionate liberty with the teacher; smiling at his illustration, proposing its questions, and revealing its joys. These moments indemnify for frequent barren waste of question and answer, and humdrum; they are times when much is done in a little while.

If the reader finds nothing in his Sunday-school experience which resembles this, he should ask himself whether he has not been either careless or distant, in dealing with his class. He has not gone near to them, and they not come near to him. He has failed to mingle with them out of school at his own house or at theirs. *If his heart had been full, it would have run over.* If he had cultivated love to his charge, they would have clung around him and hung on his lips. And if this had been the case, he would have enjoyed his Sunday-school hour, as among the brightest of the week.—*S. S. Journal.*

**HINTS TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

As Sabbath-school teachers, be exactly punctual to your engagements. Let all your instructions have some reference to religious improvement. Labour to cultivate the understanding more than to load the memory. Weekly scriptural subjects, asking questions, and encouraging the children also to ask them, requiring an account of the sermons and addresses heard, and the books read, are much calculated to improve the understanding. Constantly and privately enforce the necessity of prayer. Make every service interesting to youthful minds. Visit the parents and children at home—induce them to love and respect you as their best friends. Gain a knowledge of the conduct and chosen companions of your pupils when they are under your care. Speak, as occasion admits, to each child individually; many opportunities occur for general exhortation, but these are not so apt to be applied by the hearers to themselves. See that all your behaviour is such as you would wish your pupils to imitate. Labour, teach, pray, as those who must give an account before the judgment-seat of Christ. Yours is an important work. Upon you, as instruments, the prosperity of the school depends.—*Union Hints.*





THY MOTHER.

Cling to thy mother—for she was the first  
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;  
The hope of thee thro' many a pang she nursed,  
And when 'midst anguish like thy parting strife,  
Her babe was in her arms, the agony  
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Uphold thy mother—close to her warm heart  
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;  
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,  
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest.  
And now her steps are feeble—be her stay,  
Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother—brief perchance the time  
May be, that she may claim the care she gave;  
Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime  
Of joy on earth: her friends are in the grave:  
But for her children, she could lay her head  
Gladly to rest, among her precious dead!

Be tender with thy mother—words unkind,  
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang  
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined  
In love unutterable, more than fang  
Of venom'd serpent—wound not her strong trust,  
As thou wouldst hope for peace, when she is in  
the dust.

Mother beloved! Oh may I ne'er forget,  
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,  
The unmeasured, the inextinguishable debt  
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ,  
Ever, through thy remaining days, to be  
To thee as faithful as thou art to me.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, No. 10.

- Abram—was the name of an Old Testament saint before it was changed.
- Laban—was Jacob's father-in-law.
- Maribah—was a place where the Israelites murmured.
- Miriam—was the name of a prophetess.
- Naama—was the name of a person cured of leprosy.
- Gilgal—was a place where the Israelites encamped.
- Manasseh—was a king of Israel who began his reign at the age of 12 years.
- Abner—was a king that died as the fool dieth.
- Abiathar—was a priest in David's time.
- Eat the shew bread—is what David did in the days of said priest.
- Balaam—was a prophet, but of blemished character.
- Samson—was one of the Judges of Israel.
- Abdago—was one of the children of the captivity.
- Daniel—was one of the princes of the king of Babylon.
- Ishmael—was the son of Nethaniah.
- The two tables of stone—was what was kept in the ark of the covenant.
- The whole is—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."—Rev. xx. 12.

P. H. S.

Thorold, August 7, 1847.

It is foolish, if not wicked, for us to call ourselves followers and successors of Christ, when we show no care to tread in his steps.

EDUCATION.

A wealthy farmer in Kentucky says, "I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than for the ignorance of the man. For one or the other I am compelled to be."



Obituary.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

SARAH ANNE DARBY was, during the greater part of three years, a constant and punctual attendant at our Sabbath School in this town. In assiduous and successful efforts to treasure up in her memory the judicious counsels of her monitors, and the glorious announcements of revealed truth, very few were her superiors. These holy exercises were not confined to her Sunday School engagements; they formed a part of every day employment; and her entire deportment developed numerous and cheering indications that the Holy Scriptures affected her heart and influenced her conduct. She was, in the estimate of those who knew her best, a good girl.

Sarah Anne had attained, within two days, her eleventh birthday. 'Twas during a thunder storm, on Tuesday the 18th of August, that—as she was standing in the door-way of her father's cottage, rehearsing a scripture lesson—a vivid flash of lightning struck her to the ground: she exclaimed, "Oh mother!" and ceased to live.

Two younger sisters, who were almost within reach of her at the time, and her alarmed mother, hurried to her rescue, but she was quite dead! And when her father—who, at the time, was a short distance from the house—returned, sounds of lamentation fell upon his ears, and the pale and nerveless form of his lovely, but lifeless child lay stretched before him.

On the second day after, the cold corpse was followed, by surviving friends and a procession of Sabbath Scholars, to the grave; and when the slowly marching throng halted at the tomb we saw the coffin'd body deposited in the deep, dark vault. The children, instinctively forming a circle round "the long home" of their departed school-fellow, listened, with devout attention, to the service "for the Burial of the Dead;" and as the gravedigger filled up "the house of clay," many a lingering look yearned over the sad rite.

As the mourners separated a rush of reflections crowded our mind. The sorrowing parents also thought intently, bitterly of the afflicting dispensation. Their family circle has been broken; one of the children is absent; she sleeps in death. And the Sunday School has been deprived of one of its scholars; the little class is made less, but the youthful learner has been added to the family in heaven; and she has gone to learn purer lessons above. She has been called away from her endeared companions on earth, and she is now forming holier associations in bliss. And her labours here have been consummated, that she may engage in nobler, loftier employments in the presence of her Lord.

May all our Sabbath Scholars so live that an abundant entrance may be ministered unto them into God's everlasting kingdom! Amen.

JOHN BREDIN.

Guelph, Aug. 25, 1847.

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\* I have put Daniel for one of the princes of the King of Babylon, in the enigma it reads "Dah-mag,"—as I can find no such name in the Bible, I think it must be a mistake.